FINAL EPISODE

The

Million

Dollar

Mystery

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Secret of the Million.

his captors. The police who had fol-

Servan, the Russian agent, stood

vaiting for the taxicab to roll up to

the porte cochere for himself, Braine,

and Vroon. Norton had taken Flor-

ence by the hand, ostensibly to con-

duct her to the million. Suddenly

Braine made a dash for liberty. Nor

Braine whirled upon his heels and

Olga, intent upon giving injury to

Norton, whom she regarded equally

with Hargreave as having brought

about the downfall, had hit her lover

instead. With a cry of despair she

dashed back into Florence's room,

quite ready to end it all. She raised

the revolver to her temple, shuddered

and lowered the weapon; so tena-

Below they were all stunned by the

suddenness of the shot. Instantly

they sought the fallen man's side and

a hasty examination gave them the

opinion that the man was dead. Hap-

pily a doctor was on the way, Servan

having given a call, as one of the

Black Hundred had been badly

But what to do with that mad wom

an upstairs? Hargreave advised them

to wait. The house was surrounded;

she could not possibly escape save by

one method, and perhaps that would

be the best for her. Hargreave

fered this suggestion. The reporter understood; the millionaire was will-

"And you are my father?" said

Florence, still bewildered by the amaz-

ing events. "But I don't understand!"

her gaze roving from the real Jones

"I don't doubt it, child," replied Har

greave. "I'll explain. When I hired

Jones here, who is really Jedson of

Scotland Yard, I did so because we

looked alike when shaven. It was

Jedson here who escaped by the bal-

loon; it was Jedson who returned the

five thousand to Norton: it was Jed-

son who was wounded in the arm;

the Black Hundred and kept me rea-

sonably well informed. I myse. guarded you, my child. Last night.

unbeknown to you, I left, and the real

Jones-for it is easier to call him

"And I never saw the difference!

"That is natural," smiled the fa

ther. "You were thinking of Norton

"Well, why not? Here, Norton!"

and placed it in the reporter's. "It

seems that I've got to lose her after

all. Kiss her, man; in heaven's name,

And Norton threw his arms around

the girl and kissed her soundly, care-

less of the fact that he was observed

been standing by the side of Braine

"He's alive! Braine is alive! He

ed man to the taxicab which had

just arrived. Braine, now wholly

was the last either Florence or her

father ever saw of Braine of the Black

Hundred-a fine specimen of a man

gone wrong through greed and an in-

The policeman returned to Haz-

"It's pretty quiet upstairs," he sug-

her in her womanhood. And because of this implacable hatred the child's

mother had died in the Petrograd prison fortress. But what an enemy the man had been! He, Hargreave,

had needed all his wits constantly

he had never dared go to sleep ex

cept with one eye open. But in employing ordinary crooks Braine had at length overreached himself, and now he must pay the penalty. The way of the transgressor is hard, and though this ancient saying looks dingy with the wear and tear of central states.

ies, it still holds good.

ordinate lust for revenge.

conscious, flung back one look of

Suddenly the policeman who had

by both enemies and friends.

Hargreave, in a single breath.

ran into the living room.

that-took my place."

here instead of me. Eh?"

exclaimed Florence.

Florence blushed.

kiss her!

just stirred!"

He shrugged.

"Will he live?"

now.'

ing to give the woman a chance.

ciously do we cling to life.

down as far as the landing.

crashed to the floor.

It will be remembered that Count

#### Exploits of Elaine Continued from Page 6

had leaned against the wall. As I turned, Craig happened to glance at "For heaven's sake, Walter," I heard

Im exclaim. "What have you been up against?" He fairly leaped at me and I felt im examining my shoulder where I had been leaning on the wall. Something on the paper had come off and left a mark on my shoulder. Craig ooked puzzled from me at the wall.

"Arsenic!" he cried. He whipped out a pocket lens and looked at the paper. "This heavy, fuzzy paper is fairly loaded with it,

powdered," he reported. Kennedy paced the room. Suddenly, pausing by the register, an idea emed to strike him "Walter," he whispered, "come down

cellar with me." "Oh! Be careful!" cried Elaine, anxious for him.

"I will," he called back. As he flashed his pocket bull's-eye about, his gaze fell on the electric

the meter is running." He continued to examine the meter Then he began to follow the electric wires along. At last he discovered a place where they had been tampered gen. with and tapped by other wires. "The work of the Clutching Hand!

he muttered. Eagerly he followed the wires to the furnace and around to the back | wall, carpet and upholstery." There they led right into a little out. As he did so he pulled something with them.

"Two electrodes the villain placed



Kennedy Discovers the Secret of the Poisoned Room.

"Y-yes," I replied, dubiously, "but what does it all mean?" "Why, don't you see? Under the inter was decomposed and gave off oxy gen and hydrogen. The free hydrogen

dashed up the cellar stens "I've found it!" he cried hurrying into Elaine's room. "It's in this room -a deadly gas-arseniuretter hydro

He tore open the windows. "Have her moved," he shouted to Aunt Josephine. "Then have a vacuum cleaner go over every inch of

Standing beside her, he breathless water tank. Kennedy yanked them ly explained his discovery. "That wall paper has been loaded down with arsenic, probably paris green or Schweinfurth green, which is acetoarthere," he exclaimed, holding them up senite of copper. Every minute you are here you are breathing arseniuret.

GET A KIT OF GOOD TOOLS; YOU CAN DO BETTER WORK

which had killed Michael.

and laying her soft, white hand on his arm in undisguised fear for him, "you -you must give up this chase for the Clutching Hand!"

ing Hand?" he repeated in surprise. It was he who watched the doings of "Never! Not until either he or I is WE SELL NONE BUT THE BEST TOOLS MADE: AND WE

There was both fear and admiration IN THIS BUSINESS A LONG TIME: WE HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE mingled in her look, as he reached

ABOUT WHAT TO BUY AND THE "MONEY" TO BUY IT. BUY down and patted her dainty shoulder YOUR TOOLS AND HARDWARE FROM US JUST ONCE AND encouragingly. (TO BE CONTINUED.) YOU WILL LEARN THAT OUR HARDWARE STORE IS THE

#### **Every Monday**

One Rub in Time Saves Nine. Bell Telephone hair growth. It is a preparation of genuine merit, one we are pleased to guar

> REFLECTIONS ON CRIME. If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.-De La Bruyere.

Responsibility prevents crime.

Crime is not punished as an offense against God, but as prejudicial to society.-Froude.

crime is indeed defenseless .-Bulwer-Lytton.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

WHICH THE "BEST TOOLS ARE.

**DOUGLAS & SIMMONS** 

11-THE INTRICATE MECHANISM

tricate and interesting adjunct of ber into the new section.

The switchboard-the most in-|connect the line of every subscri-

the telephone business-is divided | Sometimes subscribers fail to

into sections and there are usually answer their telephones promptly

three operators' positions in each and when they do answer it the

section. An operator sits at each operator says "Number, please,"

position, and from this point can if the calling party has grown im-

reach the line of every subscriber patient and hung up his receiver.

in the exchange. However, only a Only one operator can answer you

limited number of subscribers' an- when you ask for a number, but

swering jackets terminate in front any operator at the switchboard

of each operator. This causes it to can ring your telephone bell. If

be possible for an operator to con- an operator has a rush of calls

nect a calling party with any num- those on each side of her come to

ber on the switchboard, but she her assistance and a supervisor is

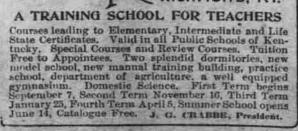
can answer the calls of only a few always at hand to help her out.

subscribers. Whenever a new sec- The work of the operators is in-

tion is added to the switchboard teresting and fascinating and is

Bulletins





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Madison Drug Company First and Main Streets WE TREAT YOU RIGHT Pure Drugs and Medicines, Toilet Articles, Window

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# NOTHER SUPERIOR

Tells How Vinol Restores Strength and Vitality to the Weak, Worn-Out Ones in Her Charge.

Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N.Y.—"I have been at work among the sick and poor for nearly eighteen years, and whenever I have used Vinol for rundown, weak or emaciated patients, they have been visibly benefited by it. One patient, a young woman, was so weak and ill she could hardly creep to my door for aid, and was leaning on a friend's arm. I supplied Vinol to her liberally and in a month when she returned to thank me I hardly recognized her. She was strong, her color charming and her cheeks rounded out. These words are uttered from my heart, in order that more people may know about Vinol, as there is nothing makes me happier in the world than to relieve the sick."—Mother M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O.S.D., Hawthorne, N.Y.

Such disinterested and reliable testimony should convince everyone of the

about, his gaze fell on the electric meter. He paused before it. In spite of the fact that it was broad daylight, it was running. His face puckered.

"They are using no current at present in the house," he ruminated, "yet are using no current at present in the house," he ruminated, "yet dashed up the cellar steps.

"Such disinterested and reliable testimony should convince everyone of the merits of Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic to build up health and iron tonic tonic to build up health and iron

B. L. MIDDELTON, DRUGGIST

ted hydrogen. This Clutching Hand is a diabolical genius. Think of itpoisoned wall paper!"

No one said a word. Kennedy reached down and took the two Clutching Hand messages Elaine had received "I shall want to study these notes, more, too," he said, holding them up to the wall at the head of the bed as he flashed his pocket lens at them. "You see, Elaine, I may be able to get something from studying the ink, the paper, the hand writ

Suddenly both leaped back, with Their faces had been several inches

apart. Something had whizzed between them and literally impaled the two notes on the wall Down the street, on the roof of a carriage house, back of a neighbor's

might have been seen the uncouth fig ure of the shabby South American Indian crouching behind a chimney and gazing intently at the Dodge house. As Craig had thrown open Elaine's looked gravely at Norton as he ofwindow and turned to Elaine the figure had crouched closer to the chimney. Then with an uncanny determination, he slowly raised the blowgun to

I jumped forward, followed by Doctor Hayward, Aunt Josephine and Marie. Kennedy had a peculiar look to her father. as he pulled out from the wall a blowgun dart similar in every way to that

"Craig!" gasped Elaine, reaching up

"Give up the chase for the Clutch-

#### Shown at The Alhambra

Don't wait until your hair is gone, but seep all you have if possible. We recommend Meritol Hair Tonic as a reliable preparation for keeping the scalp clean and healthy condition and promoting antee to you. Price 50c and \$1. Madi son Drug Company, Exclusive Agents -Adv. mar.

-Burke.

A man who has no excuse for

The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.-"Merchant of Venice."

Blood only serves to wash ambitious hands.-Byron.

A good treatment for a cold settled in the lungs is a HERRICK'S RED PEP PER POROUS PLASTER applied to Tombs. Now for the little lady upthe chest to draw out inflamation, and BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP to relax tightness. You get the two reme dies for the price of one by buying the dollar size Horehound Syrup; there is a to his feet. Servan with a nod orporous plaster free with each bottle. old by Madison Drug Co. adv. mar.

In a certain literary club years ago hatred toward Hargreave; and that one of the members in proposing the name of a candidate for membership mentioned, among his qualifications, that be could speak several dead languages. To this an opponent replied that he never heard the gentleman in question speak but one dead language. and he murdered that as he went along.-Christian Register.

Recommends Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy.

"I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my customers because I have confidenc in it. I find that they are pleased with it and call for it when again in need of such a medicine," writes J. W. Sexon, Montevallo, Mo. For sale by all dealers adv. mar adv. mar

ejected by the great eruption in the Sunda strait in 1884 may be answered as follows: The largest of the Egyptian pyramids contains upward of 82.000,-000 of cubic feet of masonry, yet it would take about 7,300 of such struc-tures to equal the bulk of matter thrown out by the monster eruption.-New York American.

For earache, toothache, pains, burns, scalds, sore throat, try Dr. Thomas' Edectric Otl, a splendid remedy for

But he felt sorry for the woman up above. She had loved not wisely but too well. Far better for her if she put an end to life. She would not live a year in the God-forsaken snows of

"My kind father!" said Florence, as if she could read his thoughts.
"I had a hard time of it, my child. It was difficult to play the butler with you about. The times that I fought down the desire to sweep you up in my arms! But I kept an iron grip on that impulse. It would have imperfled you. In some manner it would have leaked out, and your life and mine wouldn't have been worth a but-

Florence threw her arms around him and held him tightly. "That poor weak woman upstairs!" she murmured. "Can't they let her

"No, dear. She has lost, and losers pay the stakes. That's life. Norton you knew who I was all the time

ess Olga had darted up the stairs dur-"I did, Mr. Hargreave. There was ing the struggle between Braine and a scar on the lobe of your ear; and lowed her were recalled to pursue one secretly-I had often wondered at the likeness between you and the real Jones. When I caught a glimpse of that ear then I knew what the game of the lesser rogues. This left Olga free for a moment. She stole out and was. And I'll add you played it amazingly well. The one flaw in Braine's campaign was his hurry. He started the ball rolling before getting all the phases clearly established in his mind. He was a brave man anyhow." "And do you think that you can lead Florence to the million?" asked Harton rushed after him. Just as he greave, smiling. reached Braine a shot was heard.

"For one thing, it is in her room and has always been there. It never was in the chest."

"Not bad, not bad," mused the "But perhaps after all it will be best if you show it to her yourself." "Just a little uncertain?" ilbed the

"Absolutely certain. I will whisper in your ear where it is hidden." Norton leaned forward as Hargreave bent attentively

'You've hit it," said the millionaire. But how in the world did you guess

one would look for it. I judged at the start that you'd hide it in just such a spot, in some place where you could always guard it and lay your hands on it quickly if needs said "I'm mighty glad you were on my

side," said Hargreave. "In a few and glamour, but the end is worth minutes we'll go up and take a look at those packets of bills. There's a very unhappy young woman there at

"Is it in my room?" cried Florence. Meantime Countess Olga hovered

her heels were always within reach taken place because of this enormous deny them happiness? of her pursuers. So this was the end of things? The continue to play the game to the end. She would show them that she had been the man's mate, not his pliant tool? She raised the window and in slipped the policeman who had patiently been waiting for her. Instantly the placed the revolver at her tem-

man had her by the wrist. She made one tigerish effort to free herself. shrugged and signified that she sur-The millionaire took Florence's hand | rendered. "I don't want to hurt you, miss," said the policeman, "but if you make any attempt to escape I'll have to put the handcuffs on you."

"I'll go quietly. What are you going to do with me?" Turn you over to the Russian

agent. He has extradition papers, and I guess it's Siberia." "For me?" She laughed scornfully. "Do I look like a woman who would go to Siberia?"

"Be careful, miss. As I said, I don't "What!" exclaimed Norton and want to use the cuffs unless I have She laughed again. It did not have

"Yes, sir! I saw his hands move It's a good thing we sent for a doc-He had heard women, on suicide bent, tor. He ought to be along here about laugh like that. "I'll ask you for that ring on your Even as he spoke the bell rang and they all surged out into the hall,

forgetting for the moment all about the million. Olga hadn't killed the man, then? The doctor knelt beside "Do you think there is potson in "I shouldn't be surprised," he adthe stricken man and examined him.

She slipped the ring from her finger and gave it to him. "Certainly. A scalp wound that "There is poison in it, so be carelaid him out for a few moments. He'll ful how you handle it," she said.

be all right in a few days. He was The policeman accepted it gingerly lucky. A quarter of an inch lower and he'd have passed in his checks." and dropped it into his capacious pocket. It tinkled as it fell against "Good!" murmured Servan. "So the handcuffs. our friend will accompany me back "Before you take me away I want to good Russia? Oh, we'll be kind to

ou to let me see . . . my man." "I can do that." At that moment the other police man broke in the door. "All right, Dolan; she's given up the game.

eyes and the policeman assisted him "She didn't kill the man after all," said Officer Dolan. "He's alive?" she screamed. "Yes; and they've taken him off to

the Tombs. Just a scalp wound. He'll be all right in a day or two." "Alive!" murmured Olga. She had not killed the man she loved, then? And if they were indeed taken to Siberia she would be with him until the

erect she walked toward the door. She paused for a moment to look at the portrait of Hargreave. Somehow it med to smile at her ironically. gested. "Don't you think, sir, that I'd better try that bedroom door Then on down the stairs, between the two officers, she went. Her glan traveled coolly from face to face and stopped at Florence's. There she saw

end of things.

"You are sorry for me?" she asked, skeptically. "O, yes! I forgive you," said the

"O, yes! I forgive you," said the generous Florence.

"Thanks. Officers, I am ready."
So Countess Olga passed through the ball door forever. How many times had she entered it, with guile and treachery in her heart? It was the game. She had played it and lost, and she must pay her debts to Fats, the fiddler. Siberia! The tin or lead mines, the ankle chains, the knowt and many things that were for knout, and many things that were far worse to a beautiful woman. Well, so long as Braine was at her side she would suffer all these things without murmur. And always there would

be a chance, a chance!

When they heard the taxicab rumble down the driveway to the street Hargreave turned to Florence.

"Come along, now, and we'll have

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Monday and Tuesday, March 8th and 9th The world's best styles will shown in New Spring Suits, Coats and Costumes at this Opening. Also there will be on display ull the New Bress Goods, Silks and Wash Silks in favor this season for

> your inspection. Don't fail to see them

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the bad taste taken off our tongues. slan agent, left for Russia with his To win out is the true principle of three charges-Olga, Braine and life. It takes off some of the tinsel Vroon. It was a long journey they while."

They all trooped up the stairs to Florence's room. So wonderful is the power and attraction of money that they forgot the humiliation of their

late enemies Hargreave approached the portrait between two courses; a brave attempt of himself, took it from the wall, then began the cruel journey over the escape by the window or to turn pressed a button on the back, which mighty steppes of that barbaric wilthe revolver against her heart. In fell outward. Behold! There, in neat either case there was nothing left in packages of a hundred thousand each, life for her. The man she loved was lay the mystic million! The spectadead below, killed by her hand. She tors were awed into silence for a mo- and Vroon made their first descent felt as though she was treading air in ment. Perhaps the thought of each into the deadly mines Florence and some fantastical nightmare. She was identical—the long struggle, the Norton were married. After the could not go forward or backward, and terrible hazards, the deaths that had storm the sunshine; and who shall

sum of money. dreams she had had of going away why nobody knows! There it lay, honeymoon; and it is needless to say with Braine to other climes, the hap without feeling, without emotion; yel- that some of the million went with plness she had pictured, all mere low notes payable to bearer on de- them, but there was no mystery chimeras! A sudden rage swept over mand. Presently Florence gasped, about it! Norton sighed, and Hargreave smiled The face of Jones (or Jedson) alone remained impassive.

A million dollars is a marvelous dare say you never saw it, and I'm tolerably certain I never have, or ple. A quick clutch and the policewill! A million, ready for eager, careless fingers to spend or thrifty fingers to multiply! What Correggio, what Rubens, what Titlan could stand beside it? None that I wot of.

"Florence, that is all yours, to do with as you please, to spend when and how you will. Share it with your husband to be. He is a brave and gallant young man and is fortunate in finding a young woman equally brave and gallant. For the rest of my days I expect peace. Perhaps sometimes Jones here and I will talk over the strange things that have happened; but we'll do that only when we haven't you young folks to talk to. After your wedding journey you will return here. While I live this shall be your home. demand that much. Free! No more looking over my shoulder when a pleasant sound in the officer's ears. I walk the streets, no more testing windows and doors. I am myself again. I take up the thread I laid down eighteen years ago. Have no

Three weeks later Servan, the Ru

went upon, something like ten weeks, Waking or sleeping they knew no rest from espionage. From Paris to Berlin, from Berlin to Petrograd, then known as St. Petersburg; and

derness to the Siberian mines. The way of the transgressor is hard. On the same day that Olga, Braine Immediately after the ceremony

[THE END.]

Why So Many Feel Tired.

"Spring fever" usually is the result of sluggish bowels and torpid liver. After months indoors, you are not likely to always watched, always under the feel vigorous and sprightly. Foley Castrictest guard, compelled to eat with hartic Tablets are "worth their weight wooden forks and knives and spoons. in gold" for that over-full feeling, biliousness, gas on the stomach, bad breath indigestion or constipation. Their action is quick, comfortable and complete -without nauses or griping. Stout people say they are a blessing. Sold every where.

> Worth Knowing. The more recent discussions as to the earth's age have placed the time

> as follows: Lord Kelvin, in 1863, 20,-000,000 to 400,000,000 years, with a probable 98,000,000; in 1897 Lord Kelvin revised his figures to 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 years; Clarence King and Carl Varus, in 1898, 24,000,000 years; De Lapparent, in1890, 67,000,000 to 90,-000,000 years; Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution in 1893, maximum age, 70,000,000

writes "D. D. D. is superior to any-thing I have ever found. Soft and soothing, yet a powerful agent."

To do the work, D. D. Prescrip-tion must be applied according to directions given in the pamphlet around every bottle. Follow these di-

And it certainly takes away the itch at once—the moment the liquid is ap-plled. The skin is soothed—calmed—

## sight. Few people have ever seen it, not even millionaires themselves. I dare say you never saw it, and I'm Standard Skin Cure

How many hospital patients, suffer-ing the frightful itch, the raw scorch-ing pain of skin disease, have been soothed to sleep by a soothing fluid washed in by the nurse's hands? That fluid is the famous D. D. D. prescription for eczema.

THE SUPERVISING NURSE of one f our prominent Catholic institutioname of nurse and institute on app thame of nurse and institute on application), writes regarding a patient.
"The disease had eaten her eyebrows away. Her nose and lips had become disfigured. Since the use of D. D. her eyebrows are growing, her nose and face have assumed their natural expression."

How many eczema sufferers are pay-ing their doctors for regular treat-ment and are being treated with this same soothing, healing fiuld?

so thoroughly refreshed-delightfully DR. GEO. T. RICHARDSON frankly

All druggists of standing have the famous specific as well as the efficient D. D. D. Skin Soap.

But we are so confident of the merits of this prescription that we will refund the purchase price of the first full size bottle if it falls to reach your case. You alone are to judge.

Stockton & Son, Richmond, Ky

fear. Neither Braine nor Olga will The Climax-Madisonian One Year \$1.00



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